

Macon Beacon.

"In essentials let there be unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity."

HENRY C. FERRIS.

MACON, NOXUBEE COUNTY MI., JANUARY 9, 1861.

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It should be without one.
B. RAMINS & CO'S
SEWING MACHINES.
E. BUCK, Agent,
Macon, Miss.

The stitch taken by our Machines is unsurpassed, either in strength or beauty by that of any other machine. It is Double-locked and very strong, so that any seam can be stretched to the capacity of the goods without breaking the stitch, and cannot be ripped out. The fourth stitch is cut.

The Machine will quilt, hem, gather, knit, or embroider. The latter, a peculiar feature, and for all varieties of work in braid patterns is very useful.

The Machine is beautifully finished in every portion, and is mounted on a finely polished table with cover and drawer, rendering it a handsome ornament for the parlor. Price \$45, \$50, and \$60.

We are prepared to supply any orders that may be received.
Sept. 12, 1860.

LAND FOR SALE.

480 ACRES of land 5 1/2 miles east of Shuqualak depot, and lying on Shuqualak creek—about 250 acres open and in an excellent state of cultivation—the most of it black slough land, and well adapted to the growth of cotton or corn. The greater portion of it is cleared is under a substantial fence, and is well timbered with some fine rail and board trees as can be found in the country; it is an excellent grade of cotton land. The improvements consist of a very comfortable dwelling with four rooms, situated on a high sandy ridge, reachable for its health and the beautiful view which surrounds it. The outbuildings are under good repair; a new gin house and running gear just completed. The above land can be purchased on very reasonable terms, and on instalments in accordance; also two thousand bushels of corn, together with improved farming utensils if desired.
D. MCINTOSH,
Macon, Sept. 5th, '60—t

Wholesale and Retail of Cotton

W. N. HOLBERG. (Successor to W. N. Haynes & Co.) would call the attention of the public to his large and well selected stock of Groceries, Hardware, Woodenware, Station Supplies. They will constantly on hand a full supply of the following articles:

Crushed, Refined and choice Sugars, Rio and Java Coffee, quality.

Cakes in Bbls and 1/2 bbls, and first quality Syrup.

Best Brands of Extra and Super-Fine Pork, Mackerel and Bacon—Canned Apples, Adamantine, and Star Candles.

Crabs, Currants, Almonds, Pecans, Prunes, Pickles, Pie Fruits, and dried Ginger.

Black Pepper, Cayenne, do. Race and do. Ginger.

Onions, Cloves, and Allspice.

Apples, Raspberries and Strawberry Cakes, Crackers, Rice and Buckwheat Flour, and Garretts Snuff.

Shoes of the best brands. A fine lot of Sewing and Smoking Tobacco.

Green and Black Tea—best quality. Castile, Toilet and Family Soaps.

Shoe Butter, Lard and Cheese.

Powder—Shot all sizes, Bar Lead, and Water proof Caps.

A choice selection of Liquors—consisting of Brandy, Scheidam Schnapps, Old London Port, Claret and other wine, old Bourbon, Rye, Dextor, Rose and other brands of Whiskey.

Hardware—Ovens Spiders Pots and Kettles, Frying Pans and Endirons, Tea-chairs, and Fifth do.

Spades and Long handled shovels. Axes, Hatchets and Hammers.

Mill Saws and hand do.

Hinges from 3/8 inches to 3 inches. Horse shoe Nails—Nails, all sizes. Call and examine the Stock and you will be satisfied that there is no need of going to Mobile to lay in your supplies.
Macon, Sept. 18, 1860.

Kourting in the Seasons.

I lav to kourt in winter
The mani girls I no,
When all outside is drory
Add kivered up with snow:
I lav to kourt in winter,
Bekawse the old folks dred
The kold and stormy weathur,
And lurry oph to bed.

I lav to kourt in spring time,
When all is brite and gay,
When natur smiles so sweetly,
Two chace the kold away;
I lav to kourt in spring time,
Bekawse the girls, you no
They look so awful pretty
In dresses kut so lo.

I lav to kourt in summer,
When all things are in blame,
And yet I think that kourting
Will ever be my dume,
For I have asked just 21
Of awl the girls I no,
Two have me for their luvving one,
And they have answered—NO!

From the New York Sun.

A Terrible Story of Wrong.

Within a day or two past certain facts of a very peculiar and romantic nature have come within the knowledge of one of our reporters, which, with merely the suppression of the names of the parties, we lay before our readers. All the actors in this thrilling drama of real life have moved in our first circles of society, and with a single melancholy exception, do so at the present time. Leaving the story to convey its own moral, which it cannot fail to do, we proceed at once to the facts. To be properly understood we begin the narration in the little town of F—, in Maine, where in 1853 two sisters, the Misses M—, resided, with their widowed mother. The family was one of acknowledged respectability, and the girls, Emily and Caroline, were both admirable specimens of American beauty, though very different in face and figure. Emily was 19 years of age, tall and dark-eyed, and her cheek of the rich olive complexion which it was said her father bore; while Caroline, or "Carry," as she was usually known, the pet of the family, and beloved by all who knew her, was petite, light of cheek and hair, and her eye a beautiful blue. At the moment we have introduced the sisters, Carry, although by two years the youngest, was engaged to marry a young man residing in the vicinity of F—, the nuptials to take place early in the spring of '54, after the conclusion of a six months' visit which she was to pay to an aunt residing in Boston. In the month of October, '53, she accordingly went to Boston. It was believed living happily with her relative until the close of December, when she suddenly disappeared.

From various incidents noticed prior to her mysterious disappearance, her aunt was forced to believe that the poor girl had fallen a victim to the wiles of some unprincipled villain, whom she had too confidently trusted; but, strange to say, suspicion was not directed to any one whose acquaintance she was known to have formed. All means of discovering the unhappy girl failed, but after months of an almost despairing search, it was believed that she had committed suicide to hide her shame, and that the waves into which she had plunged for rest and concealment had borne her far beyond discovery in this world. Bowed down by the great sorrow which had fallen upon her, the mother of poor Carry sank into an untimely grave. The young man whose bride was so suddenly snatched away, seemed for a time frantic with grief, and when, after a long illness, he was able to travel, he went to the far West, unable to live longer amid scenes which constantly reminded him of the wreck of all his cherished hopes. Emily also left F—, and came to this city, where she resided with a cousin who had been married a couple of years previously to a New York merchant, Mr. W—. In the merry holiday of 1850, two years after Carry's mysterious disappearance, Emily made an acquaintance in the person of Mr. B., one of Mr. W.'s particular friends and brother merchants, who won so rapidly her favor that in a short time she became Mrs. B. Time passed on without anything worthy of note occurring to their little family except its enlargement by an addition of one, "the very image of papa." Mr. B. seemed fond of his beautiful wife, and settled upon her, in addition to her inheritance from the sale of her mother's property in Maine, a very liberal allowance from his own resources.

They moved in the best society, and the happy wife and mother had almost forgotten the tale of her sister's shame and fall, when on an evening of last week, as she in company with her husband was about entering her carriage

to pay a social visit, they were stopped by a wretched creature in female attire ragged, foul, almost as degraded as fallen woman can become, who, with a maudlin whine begged for alms, "for the love of mercy." Offering her a pittance, the gentleman ordered her to go away. Starting back at the sound of his voice, the woman raised her head, and for the first time glancing at the faces of the couple before her, shrieked—"Harry! my sister! oh God!" and fell senseless to the pavement. Herself too far debauched for recognition, by the years of vice and misery through which she had passed, she instantly recognized the destroyer of her innocence and peace, and leaning on his arm, evidently as his wife, the sister who had long mourned her as dead.

In spite of the objections of her husband, who declared the woman "merely some drunken wretch, ignorant of what she was saying, or else a vile impostor," Mrs. B. had the fainting woman carried into her house, restored to consciousness, cleaned and laid in a comfortable bed, and there drew from her, during the night, the long and terrible history of her wrongs and sufferings.

She told how on her arrival at her aunt's, in Boston, she had formed the acquaintance of Mr. B. at the house of one of her young female friends; how, dazzled by his protestations of ardent love, pledges of constancy, and promises of marriage, she had loved and fallen; then when she pressed him to fulfill his vows, he coldly "begged to be excused," and left her with her shame. Timidly feeling as if all who met her saw her guilt in her face, she fled from Boston, too fearful to die, too desperate and unhappy to care how or where she lived. Swift and fearful had been her downward course from that time onward, plunging into crime and dissipation, to drown the torturing memory of the past, until she had reached the lowest round on the ladder of shame, and been forced to the street to beg her bread. The recollection of feeling was terrible on the part of Mrs. B. towards the husband who had thus wronged her only sister, bred a constant lie towards herself in the concealment of his guilty secret, and finally attempted to spurn from him his wretched victim in her direst hour of need. She felt that she could no longer live with him, and at an early hour on the morning after the discovery, left his house, taking with her the wretched woman whom she had once been proud to call her sister, and whom she could not cast off. They found a welcome at the house of Mr. W., who had never before known the real character of the man whom he had introduced as his particular friend. The guilty wretch has made no effort to recall his wife, and it is probable that a peaceful and quiet separation will be effected. At present little hope is entertained of the life of poor Carry.

The facts are strictly as we have related them, strangely romantic as they may seem; and those who have known the parties in the case will readily acknowledge the truth of the whole.

The Swindle of Lotteries.

The following article on lottery swindling, from *Brother Jonathan*, should be read by every person in the country. Hardly a week passes without our receiving some of these invitations to show ourselves consummate fools by sending money to the scoundrels who send them, with the assurance that we will draw a fortune. The mails are loaded with these bogus lottery schemes, and it is high time such an intolerable nuisance should be abated.

It is not generally known among the more intelligent classes of the United States, that a vast system of robbery and cheating is carried on in large cities by means of lottery schemes and pretended lotteries. Some of them are conducted under the color of the law, but they are not one whit better on that account, being farmed out to men who are quite as unprincipled as the dealers in bogus lottery tickets. We assure readers of this paper that not a lottery ticket is at present sold in the United States which does not represent a scheme of fraud and cheating. There are several persons in the city of New York who have made large fortunes in this iniquitous business, and others in Southern cities who are rolling in wealth, ill-gotten gains of plunder from the ignorant and credulous. So enormous are the profits of this system of swindling, that the most barefaced false representations are made in drumming up customers for lottery tickets; and it is astonishing to contemplate the credulity of the poor people who thus throw away their money on lottery men.

On several occasions we have exposed these frauds in the *Brother Jonathan*, and every instance where people have written to us to make inquiries, we have carefully explained the matter to them;

but the old saw, "A new fool was born every day," seems to be the motto of the lottery swindlers, for they thrive and grow rich in the face of every obstacle. After cheating and disgusting one customer, at their springs up and takes his place.

It is now a common thing for lottery ticket vendors to write letters to their victims, enclosing with them on their honor, and promising to return each such if additional sum is sent. We understand that over twenty men are employed by one house in this city, copying these letters to send off in the mails to different ticket purchasers. The letters are mailed at Wilmington, Delaware, but the winning idea was conceived, and the letters are written in New York. These letters guarantee at least one thousand dollars, in default of which new lottery tickets will be given gratis. As it costs only the printing of them, the reader can judge of the value of the guaranty. We have before us three of these letters sent from different speculators, to a customer of ours, who was foolish enough to buy a lottery ticket two years ago, the only one he ever bought in his life. He tells us that he has had over sixty different speculators send him since the purchase of that ticket, but he never suffered himself to be swindled a second time.

Let us once more assure our readers that the lotteries of the present day are, without exception, miserable deceptions—that no high prizes are ever distributed, and that the lesser ones are given out in just such numbers as may suit the interests of the managers. We often hear that certain men have drawn ten or twenty thousand dollars in the lottery; but no instance has come to our knowledge where such a prize was actually realized. About a year ago, it was stated in the papers that a certain person in New York, whose name and address were given, had drawn twenty thousand dollars in the Delaware Lottery. We took a good deal of pains to look up this genius who had so suddenly made his fortune and found him living in a low tenement, and working at the trade for at little over a dollar a day. He had, he said, not yet realized his twenty thousand, but would get paid in a few days. Whether the few days ever expired, or not, we did not take the trouble to inquire, as we were convinced, in two minutes' conversation with him, that the story of the prize was all bosh. He was in the employ of an intimate acquaintance and brother politician of one of the very men who owned the lottery in which the prize was said to have been drawn.

We think we may safely assure our readers that all announcements of the distribution of prizes of any considerable amount are fictions. The most inveterate buyer of tickets cannot say that he has ever seen any person with as much as five thousand dollars, cash in hand, that he drew as a prize in the lottery, though doubtless many have declared that they had drawn prizes and were paid well for making such declaration. In country towns it is necessary for somebody to draw a prize occasionally to keep up the courage of the ticket buyers; but the fortunate individual must first serve an apprenticeship in buying and selling tickets, himself, and then, like a practiced gambler, perhaps he may be initiated into the mysteries of the way in which the thing is done.

In conclusion, we warn everybody that all the lotteries of the present day, whether State or bogus institutions, are swindling concerns. Every cent paid out for a lottery ticket is so much money given to rich rogues, and goes to encourage fraud and swindling.

The Corvette Donna Isabel.

The steamer "Asia" brought us the confirmation of the news of the loss of this gallant little vessel on the coast of Morocco, where her captain, twenty-two officers, and one hundred of her crew met with a premature and watery grave.

It is but a short time since the Donna Isabel visited the United States, when many of our citizens had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her gallant officers; and she sailed from our shores leaving behind so favorable an impression that her melancholy fate must necessarily excite among us a more than ordinary sympathy. Prepared as a school-ship, she carried, in addition to her complement of officers, eighteen young men belonging to distinguished families of the Empire of Brazil, who, full of life and hope, left their native shores little thinking that they were never to return.

The Donna Isabel arrived at New York last March, and, by the courtesy of our government, was allowed to be docked and repaired at the Brooklyn navy-yard. Meanwhile her commander,

Capt. Carvalho, and many of her officers came to Washington, were presented to the President, were hospitably entertained by his excellency M. M. Forbes, the Brazilian Minister, saw a little of our society, visited our Navy Yard, Coast Survey Office, and the Observatory; their gentlemanly manners and professional ability, of which they gave striking proofs, leaving a most favorable impression of the progress and efficiency of the Brazilian navy.

The effects of their visit to the United States were not less satisfactory in New York, where the orderly behavior of her crew elicited from the public press the most flattering encomiums. On the occasion of the burning of the ship Westervelt near Jersey City, the officers and crew of the Donna Isabel displayed so much promptness, activity and courage in rendering assistance to that vessel that they won the admiration of the people of that commercial metropolis.

"One of the most interesting and gratifying incidents of the occasion," says a New York journal of the 12th of April last, giving an account of the burning of the Westervelt, "was the prompt arrival and assistance of the officers and crew of the Brazilian corvette Donna Isabel. Hardly had the signal of distress been raised before three cutters, containing over fifty men, were underway towards the scene of disaster, under the personal command of her chief officer, Captain Bento Jose de Carvalho. They also brought with them two hand pumps, and in the early stages of the fire did excellent service in staying the progress of the flames. Afterwards, when the large streams of the ferry and tug-boats had been brought to bear, they made themselves useful in various ways, rushing bravely into the very midst of danger—down into the hold, up into the rigging, saving cargo, cutting away sails, helping here and there, and everywhere showing their services might be valuable."

On her arrival in Europe the Donna Isabel was ordered to the Mediterranean, and anchored in the Bay of Naples most opportunely. When the King of the Two Sicilies was on the eve of losing his capital, the Donna Isabel took on board the sister of the Emperor Don Pedro and her children, and carried them to Marselles.

While in this latter port her crew had another opportunity of displaying their gallantry, which is not generally known, and which, is calculated to increase the interest that the American people must naturally feel for the fate of the unhappy vessel, was taken pleasure in recording. A steamer, in which Mr. Preston, our Minister to Spain, was passenger, ran upon the rocks in a gale of wind, and was in imminent danger of going to pieces and although boats were sent to her assistance from the French and Spanish men-of-war lying at Marselles, yet it was due to the activity and courage of the officers and crew of the Donna Isabel that the steamer was rescued from her dangerous position.

On her passage from Marselles to Lisbon, being bound to Rio Janeiro, the Donna Isabel met her unhappy fate, adding one more to the numerous disasters annually recorded in these stormy seas. Of her crew, which numbered over two hundred officers and men, only ninety-two were saved. On being informed of the fatal accident the British Government kindly placed at the disposal of the Brazilian Legation in London a war steamer to convey the survivors to Europe. They were to return to Rio by the French mail steamer, leaving Bordeaux on the 25th of November, there to give the heart-rending narrative to the relatives and friends of their unfortunate companions.—*Nat. Intel.*

Mr. W. W. Price, of Rochester, has on his farm a pear tree 204 years old, nine feet in circumference and sixty feet in height. It averages an annual crop of fifteen or twenty bushels of pears and of a very superior quality. It is a curious fact that one half of the tree only, alternately, yields fruit.

The effect of climate on the human system is shown in a striking manner by the inhabitants of Australia, who, in the course of two or three generations, lose the corpulent characteristic of Englishmen, and become a tall, gaunt, raven-haired race, like the inhabitants of our Southern States.

Cotton seed for Hogs.

Editors Southern Cultivator:—The saving of corn is desirable at any time, but especially so this season, when the supply is but scanty in the South. It may, therefore, seem proper at present to substitute cotton seed as food for hogs. Almost every planter has learned the fatal results of feeding cotton seed in its raw state to hogs. In your September number, cotton seed is recommended for this purpose when cooked. I think this is only one half of the recipe, and having had some experience in this branch of husbandry, I will here state the way in which I am using it daily for about two hundred hogs:

I have two large cauldrons, one holding ninety gallons and the other fifty-five gallons, arched in as for a distillery. They are filled with dry cotton seed pressed in hard, after which water is poured on till it rises the seed above the rim of the kettle, which is then covered with some planks and a piece of bagging or old carpet, to prevent the steam from escaping too much. It requires boiling, or, more correctly, steaming for two or three hours, or until the seed at the top of the kettle is so well done that it can be mashed between the fingers.

The next process is the fermentation of the seed, which I consider as the utmost importance. I have large tubs that will hold about sixty gallons each. About two or three bushels of steamed seed is placed in each tub, and filled up with cold water. In about twenty-four hours it has undergone a strong fermentation, and is then in a fit condition to be fed to the hogs; but as I have several tubs, some (and I do not feed but two tubs a day) of this cotton seed beer, as it actually is, will often run a little, the hogs will like it so much better.—Once a week I give a few handfuls of salt or ashes on this food.

It does not, however, seem to agree with young pigs, and it is therefore not fed to pigging sows until their pigs are a couple of weeks old, or still better, until they are weaned.

I would, also, here state that the hogs have free access to a small Bermuda grass patch, and always an abundance of water.

I learned this from Rev. Samuel Johnson, of this place, who used it for nine years, and always had a beautiful lot of hogs, that never got any corn except what they could glean on the corn-field, after the crop was gathered. His year old hogs, fed on cotton seed, usually weigh 180 to 200 pounds.

I have fed a large lot of hogs on this plan for the last year, with so much success that I never shall give it up as long as I am raising hogs.

Respy, ROBT NELSON.
Montgomery, Ala., Sept., 1860.

PROPOSITION TO MAKE TWO STATES OUT OF VIRGINIA.—The people of Eastern and Western Virginia are almost as different in their ideas as natives of South Carolina and New England. Several propositions have recently been talked over to divide the State. It is understood that a movement has been set on foot in the northwestern part of the State for the purpose of calling a convention of the people to take into consideration the expediency of separating from Virginia in case of her withdrawing from the Union to join in the formation of a Southern Confederacy. The leaders in this revolutionary scheme contemplate the erection of a new State, embracing that portion of Virginia lying west of the Blue Ridge, and destined to include as many counties east of said line, along the upper Potomac river, as may be induced by identity of interest, to co-operate in the project. Considerations of an economical character, determined partly by the arrangements of the present Constitution of Virginia, (deemed by many in the western part of the State to be unequal in respect to the rates and objects of taxation) are represented to be at the bottom of this popular movement, which awaits only the opportunity and the pretext to assume formidable proportions.

Fast youths are now called young gentlemen of accelerated gait.